

Song To Woody(Cornell)

Bob Dylan

I'm out here a thousand miles from my home
Walkin' a road other men have gone down
I'm seein' your world of people and things

Your paupers and peasants and princes and kingsHey, hey Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song

'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along

Seems sick and it's hungry, it's tired and it's torn

It looks like it's a-dyin' and it's hardly been bornHey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know

All the things that I'm a-sayin' and a-many times more

I'm a-singin' you the song, but I can't sing enough

'Cause there's not many men that done the things that you've doneHere's to Cisco and Sonny and Leadbelly too

And to all the good people that traveled with you

Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men

That come with the dust and are gone with the wind

Songwriters

DYLAN, BOB

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